



THE EFFECTS
OF SELFISH PRINCIPLES.

(Continued.)

FROM day to day he made her more acquainted with the vices of the world, but took great care not to exhibit them in their disgusting deformity. He himself first took small and then greater liberties with Louisa, and she permitted him, because she was too innocent and had no suspicion of the crime she was about to commit. The wretched victim advanced with innocent hilarity to the very brink of the fatal precipice.

At length the dreadful hour arrived. One fine morning Rouelle accompanied Louisa, whose husband was employed at a gentleman's seat in the neighbourhood, to a pleasure garden near Paris, where they met with a party of young people of both sexes. The day was spent in mirth, laughter, and frolic; one amusement succeeded another, and towards evening they began to dance. Louisa was transported with pleasure.—Diverted by the multiplied enjoyments, and a thousand images of delight which crowded upon her

mind, he scarcely noticed Rouelle's boldness on that day. She danced with him, and in the unguarded moments of innocent gaiety she drank several glasses of Champagne. Her blood was heated, her understanding confused, and her imagination inflamed.—Intoxicated with pleasure, dancing and wine, she became an easy prey to the bold, shameless voluptuary Rouelle. She scarcely knew where she was, and still less with what a crime she was polluted.—When it was completed she sunk into a stupid insensibility, from which neither the caresses of her seducer, nor the acute anguish of her mind could recall her. Her conscience was still struggling with the intoxication of sensual pleasure; a tremendous storm enveloped her soul and precluded the exercise of the powers of reflection. She merely expressed a wish to return home. She threw herself in silent dejection into the carriage, and scarcely perceived that Rouelle followed her. She lay, as if unconscious of her situation, in his arms; and in the same state he handed her up stairs to her lodging, where she rushed in—to her bed-chamber, threw herself with violence upon the bed, and

covered her face with the counterpane.

Rouelle attempted to console her. She fixed her eyes upon his face, shuddered as if she just then recognized him, and loudly called her servant. 'I am ill!' said she to the latter, with a profound sigh. The servant cast a look of anxious inquiry on Rouelle. 'It is a fright,' said Rouelle to the maid, 'the horses ran away with the coach; it is nothing of any consequence.' Louisa was silent, and Rouelle left her, with the pleasing hope that he had now secured the victim of his desire.

The ensuing morning he went again to Louisa, in the firm belief that he had her entirely in his power, and with the resolution either to remove from her mind the remains of that prejudice which led her to regard her conduct as criminal, or to terrify her into a repetition of the crime by the fear of her husband. He found Louisa pale, much altered, and in the most painful agitation. She would not listen to him, and covered herself with the bed-clothes whenever he attempted to utter a syllable. He took her by the hand, but she shrieked so loud as to bring the servant into the room. Rouelle, however, still entertained hopes of gaining over Louisa; the latter had likewise told the servant that the coach had been overturned. From this circumstance and the civility shewn him by Louisa in the

presence of the maid, he concluded that she would not disclose her fault. She had actually resolved to conceal it, but, at the same time, the most inveterate hatred of Rouelle took possession of her heart. During the night she reviewed the whole time of her acquaintance with him, his conduct towards herself and her husband, and found that the villain had, from the beginning, entertained the design of seducing her. She loved her Morton with inexpressible affection; she regarded infidelity towards him as the worst of crimes, and knew that his sentiments on that head were the same as her own; and now she had betrayed him—him, the benefactor, the savior of her parents, the generous, the faithful husband, who for her pleasures renounced every enjoyment! This horrible idea made a deep impression upon her heart, and subjected her to the corrosive influence of gloomy, unceasing melancholy. In this state she had no hope of a reconciliation with her husband, but resigned herself a prey to silent, secret anguish. Hatred and love, remorse and indignation, melancholy and despair, preyed with incessant activity, with irresistible violence upon her vitals. She felt herself unworthy of her husband, and yet resolved to conceal from him her shame; so that death alone could afford her relief.

She took no medicines, but purposely acted contrary to the directions of the physician. Rouelle

continued his visits, but the sight of him always roused her most violent indignation. A mortal hatred was discernable in every look that she cast upon him. The presence of the nurse prevented him from making remonstrances; and when at length, being once left alone with her, he took her by the hand and began to speak, her rage was excited to such a degree, that she seized a knife and endeavored to plunge it into his bosom. He started back affrighted; and now he first began to be apprehensive lest the fruits of his victory might in this instance escape him.—What shall I do, madam, to pacify you?" he asked with perturbation. "Leave Paris," she replied eagerly. Then folding her hands she again repeated in a suppliant tone: "Leave Paris!" He stood irresolute and dejected. The nurse returned. He then took his hat, told Louisa that he was obliged to go into the country on business, and requested her to remember him to her husband.

Her eyes flashed indignation at the mention of that beloved name; she, however, said nothing. He went away, still cherishing the hope that Louisa's inquietude would soon subside. He believed with perfect confidence that she would make no discovery to her husband, and, thought he, if she only recovers her composure, I shall have her in my power. He charged his seryant to enquire from time to time with all possible

caution, after the state of the family.

In a few days Morton returned to town. Louisa had long trembled in the expectation of this dreadful moment, and she mustered all her strength to meet it, as if it was to decide her fate. When Morton entered the room and beheld his wife, uttering a loud cry of terror, he sunk down upon her bed, caught her in his arms, bedewed her with his tears, and gave the most tender demonstrations of his ardent love. This scene was too affecting for Louisa: she swooned, with a shriek of despair, in Morton's embrace. The physician was sent for, and Louisa again revived.—Morton was informed by the nurse, that his wife had been overturned in a coach, which accident was the occasion of her illness; and this account Louisa seemed to confirm by her silence. The physician gave hopes, and really believed that Louisa's indisposition was the consequence of a fright. Morton became more tranquil, because Louisa herself told him that she was better. He passed several hours by the patient's bed, kissed his Louisa's hands, and caressed her in the tenderest manner. Her heart was convulsed with anguish and remorse. He at last asked after Favrat. Louisa turned pale. The nurse replied, he had taken leave two days before and was gone into the country. Morton regretted this circumstance, and enquired whether he had often

been to see Louisa. Every word that he spoke in commendation of the seducer, inflicted a pang on Louisa's soul. She now declared that she had no farther occasion for the physician, who himself acknowledged, that tranquillity alone could restore the patient. Morton's cheerfulness increased every day, as Louisa assured him that she was better. Being constantly with her, he did not observe that she daily became more pale and meagre. The tenderness and the caresses of her husband were now her greatest affliction; they augmented her secret melancholy and despair. Her incessant efforts to appear cheerful (for her husband very seldom quitted her) completely destroyed every germ of life in her frame, and her dissolution imperceptibly approached.

Morton earnestly entreated his mother to repair to Paris. He perceived that his business would oblige him to leave his wife occasionally, and that in consequence Louisa would want the company of his mother. The latter, immediately upon her arrival, was sensible of Louisa's danger; but at the urgent request of the patient she concealed it from her son; so that Morton still cherished the hope of the speedy recovery of his beloved Louisa. About this time, one day met Rouelle in the street. 'Dear Favrat,' he exclaimed and hastened into the arms of the thunder-struck Rouelle; 'are you returned at last?' From

these unaffected demonstrations of friendship Rouelle perceived that Morton was not acquainted with his guilt. He enquired after Louisa, and Morton replied; 'she is still somewhat indisposed, but continues to mend. I hope she will soon be quite recovered. O! my Louisa will be glad to see you again.'

Rouelle had been previously informed by his servant that Louisa was better, for such was the account which Morton's mother and the patient herself carefully propagated in the house where they lived. Rouelle still entertained the most violent passion for the beautiful Louisa. 'My Louisa will be glad to see you again,' said Morton; how then could Rouelle entertain any doubt? He promised to call on Morton the day after the next. He wished to give Louisa time to reconcile herself to the idea of a visit from him.—He was perfectly sure of one point—that Louisa had not confessed her fault, and that her inquietude on account of it was past. When he should again come into company with her, she must perceive that her important secret was in his power. She would be obliged to surrender herself, and how easy would it then be for him to convince her that it was silly to make herself uneasy concerning her infidelity!

Such were the reflections of the triumphant Rouelle, but little did

he think that he was so soon to meet with his punishment. Upon his return home, Morton went to Louisa's bed, and said to her with an air of gaiety: "The day after to-morrow your friend Favrat will call to see you." This dreadful intelligence came too suddenly upon Louisa; she shrieked, sunk back upon her pillow and cried in a lamentable tone: "The day after to-morrow?" Her senses forsook her; her blood was chilled, her colour alternately came and went. Morton imagined that she had a relapse of her disorder. He endeavored to restore her composure and apparently with success; but her heart was rent by conflicting passions. She was firmly resolved not to see the villain, and in vain sought the means of avoiding his detested visit. It was not long before she reclined as if to sleep, but in fact only with the intention of reflecting how she might escape the horrid Favrat.

This, in spite of all her endeavours, she could discover no means of effecting, and her anxiety increased. She was tormented by the idea of seeing her deluded husband in the arms of his bitterest enemy, and she was again attacked with violent pains which had somewhat abated upon the near approach of her death.

The various passions which occupied her whole soul, rendered her insensible of her weakness.— Her husband had sat down by the

fire, that he might not disturb her; he wept, and was overwhelmed with anxious inquietude at this new attack of her malady. At length he rose. Louisa feigned to be asleep, but listened to him unobserved. He approached her bed and surveyed her in speechless agony; then suddenly kneeling by her side, he prayed in a low voice to the Almighty, to spare the life of his faithful, his virtuous spouse. She now felt, for the first time, that she ought to have disclosed her fault to her husband, and this new idea was irresistibly impressed upon her mind.

Morton again seated himself by the fire. Louisa, forgetting her extreme weakness, determined to throw herself at his feet. She rose up, stepped softly out of the bed, endeavored to advance towards him, but being unable to support herself, she sunk down and fell with her breast against the corner of a chair. Morton, affrighted, lifted her again upon the bed.— She threw up a great quantity of blood, and had not sufficient strength to speak.

(To be continued.)

MAXIM.

They had need to stand fast that stand high: there is both more danger in their falling, and more hurt in their fall.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

....

From trifles oft
Things serious ensue.

"THAT circumstance," said an elderly gentleman to his wife, "reminds me of the lady's Cymon." Having a spice of the curious attached to my constitution, I immediately expressed a wish to hear the story; and it was related to me as follows.

"Some considerable time past" (under whose reign, or at what particular epoch was not remembered) "the accomplished and beauteous *Asphasia*, in the meridian of her charms, was deprived, by death, of *Cymon*; the husband upon whom she doated. This stroke of fate was so severely felt, that *Asphasia* procured a *carver* to take the exact model and form of her departed helpmate, which, as an alleviation to her grief, was every night bro't by, or put into (immaterial which) her bed."—(How long she continued this practice, the narrator had also forgotten)—"But time, which often produces most singular events, introduced to *Asphasia* a new lover. His youth, beauty, and riches, soon wrought sensibly upon the heart of the *fair widow*, and she was again persuaded to invest herself with the connubial chain.—The ceremony performed, the maid was called—*Lucy*, said the mistress, go to my closet, take old *Cymon*, and burn him!"

At first I thought the thing very simple, but from whatever cause it proceeded, the story continued upon my mind; and, after glancing over it a second time, I began to think the fate of *Cymon* would bear moralizing upon, and that it was by no means uncommon.

Among the different classes of men who form society, there are numbers who contrive to get along through life, with some degree of eclat, by the talent they possess of making their associates instrumental to the promotion of their fortunes, pleasures, and gratifications; and if, as it frequently happens, one of this kind is unexpectedly raised to fortune or fame, he seldom or ever conceives it worth his while to remunerate those who have exerted themselves to contribute towards his exaltation: to be sure, a regard for the opinions of others will make him, for a short time, very profuse in outward professions of respect and consideration; but these gradually wear off: new schemes of grandeur are projected—new companions courted, and the old ones, if not like *ancient Cymon burned*, they are like him entirely obliterated from the upstart's memory.

Some upon their entrance into life, digest and lay down certain rules and principles for their guidance and observation, and rigidly determine to adhere to them with stoical tenacity. They often please themselves by contemplating the

beautiful fabric constructed by their invention, and though it may only be in part original—are willing to take credit for the whole design. This answers admirably, until interest or ambition points out modes to gratify inherent propensities not to be found in their code. Hints of this nature lead them to suppose that their plans are not infallible—article after article is encroached upon until every part is abandoned, and sent to accompany poor *Cymon* to the shades of everlasting oblivion.

So universal is the love of novelty and change, that few follow any one undeviating path. Our pursuits and passions are of such a wild and unformed nature, that it is indeed a difficult matter, even for ourselves, to know precisely what *are* the objects in pursuit.—If we are unfortunate, murmurs and complaints usurp the place of calm resignation and submission. A continual hankering after ideal pleasure, destroys the real good we might otherwise enjoy, and make misery doubly miserable.—Are we fortunate, the mind is never content with what it receives.—When the anticipation of those things we believed would be satisfactory, is gratified to the fullest extent, without stopping for the enjoyment, we push forward, with the same anxiety, for the attainment of something else; and often, when a new scene is entered upon, every antecedent principle goes to wreck. Friends, relatives, hones-

ty, honor, conscience, virtue and all are discarded, and their ruins left to commingle with the ashes of *Cymon*.

I think I cannot conclude this speculation better than by the insertion of a letter, I have very opportunely received, from a young clerical friend of mine, in the country.

“——— county, January, 1810.

“The farther I enter into life, the more glaring appears human depravity. My commencement may probably for a moment cause you surprise, but when you have finished reading the succeeding lines, you will no doubt feel the justness of my observation in its fullest force. You do not want to be informed of the length of time I have paid my humble and sincere addresses to *Belinda*, nor with what *apparent* modest satisfaction and sensibility she returned the ardent passion I professed. How often have I heard you say, you almost envied me the happiness I enjoyed. Alas! my friend, that happiness is forever fled—it hath vanished in an instant, like the sun’s last lingering ray from the mountain’s top. All my schemes of future domestic felicity are crushed—are blasted nearly as soon as formed. *Belinda* is false, and—I am wretched! Six weeks ago there came to this village a young gentleman, by the name of *Bellermain*, who appears to be travelling for his amusement. The

splendor of his equipage soon attracted the attention of our little hamlet, and obtained him a speedy introduction into the most respectable families, and among the rest, to *Belinda's*; this gave me no disagreeable sensations, although I remarked that his visits were frequent and his attention particular; for I placed the most unbounded confidence in *Belinda's* affection and honor. Vain hope! Delusive confidence! Scarce three weeks had elapsed, after their first acquaintance, before I began to perceive a change in the conduct of *Belinda*. Her manner became cold, distant, and haughty, and one evening the conversation turning upon the different avocations of man, *Bellermain* expressed his surprise that I could be content in so humble a station as that of a country rector. Before I had time to reply, *Belinda* answered, she could not conceive, for her part, what pleasure any person derived from the *moft-ing* life of teaching a parcel of *rustics* religion and morality; that she was heartily sick of a country life, where nothing was to be seen but a *disgusting* sameness. Sentiments like these, so opposite to any I had ever before heard from the mouth of her I loved, were not to be endured. I left the house, and from that time I never could obtain a private interview, though I sought it with watchful assiduity. Yet why should I pain you with a recapitulation of my sorrows? In a word, a few days ago she eloped with *Beller-*

main, since when I learn—they are married! Pardon me if I conclude abruptly—I cannot write or think of any other circumstance—Adieu!—When I hear more I will write you again—Until then consider me your faithful though almost distracted friend,

“THEODORIC.”

I sincerely compassionate my friend's affliction, but cannot say I feel sorrow for his loss. His case is not without precedents, and it is my opinion that every man who escapes entering the noose of matrimony with a *jilt*, ought rather to rejoice than grieve. If *Bellermain* should turn out like a great many of our travelling young *foplings*, devoid of both money and brains, *Belinda* will have plenty of time to wish herself an inhabitant of the peaceful parsonage of my worthy and respectable friend—And he must for the present consider himself in a similar (yet preferable) situation with *Aspasia Cymon*.

O. W.

Kitt's Day, Jan. 1810.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Messrs. Editors.

Seeing the death of Mr. DASILF WHITELY announced in the last number of your Miscellany, I take this method of paying the last tribute of respect and esteem to which his numerous virtues so

justly' entitled him. It is not my wish, were I capable, to expatiate largely upon the merits or demerits of the deceased : a brief outline from a feeble pen must suffice.

Daniel Whitely was a native of Cavan, in the county of Cavan, Ireland. His education though not classical was certainly good. His ideas of men and things were liberal. At an early period he was elected lieutenant and received a commission as such in a royal militia corps then organizing in Cavan ; in like manner, he was shortly after made chief. At this time it was the duty of the militia to parole a certain district of the country, in order to suppress distilling, and make prize of all stills they found employed contrary to law. A premium it will be observed was given for each still so seized. It in a great measure depended on the officers to favor the poor. It may not here be amiss to state, that the taxes government imposed were so very high on distilling, even whiskey, that a poor person could not, from the small quantity they were able to manufacture, afford to pay the duty. In this particular Mr. Whitely shewed himself the friend of the oppressed.— When obliged, as it was enjoined on him, to enter suspicious habitations, he parlied at the entrance with the poor man or woman, in order to give time for hiding their still or stills if they had any, after which he permitted his men to search, if they thought fit ; but

frequently when he had strong suspicions himself, and these were realized by the piteous looks of the tenants, that there were stills and that the owners could not sufficiently seclude them from the prying eyes of the party, who were entitled to a bounty for every forfeited still they took, he made it his business to enter alone, then turning round and coming out, he would humourously exclaim, " Pshaw, boys ! there's nothing for us there ; let's try what we can do in another quarter," which was always sufficient for them. When they were so unfortunate, as he used to term it, to receive positive information of some of these creatures transgressing the law, and when they have detected them in the fact, he has made his men keep guard at the entrance of these wretched hovels, whilst he himself explored them.* Then placing himself in a posture that he could not observe any thing, with eyes closed and back from, demanded

* Among the lower class of Irish in Ireland, there is nothing drank but whiskey, and this the country people contrive to manufacture, for vending, without paying the duty. They live in little huts, which they undermine, sometimes ten or fifteen yards into their garden. Here they fix their stills, and when the world slumbers commence operations. The government knows this and the patrols are sent out at night to seize the stills, which, if taken, may ruin these poor beings, who have generally large families, and who have no other means of support.

their "old still,"† remarking, jocularly, that "any thing like || one would answer their purpose."

Though known to be a loyalist and of the persuasion of the church of England, all classes, of whatever denomination, respected and esteemed him. The Roman Catholics and Protestants, at this time, it will be observed, bore each other the most mortal hatred. His religious opinions, however, were, that there are many roads to Heaven, and each, strictly pursued, led to the wished elisium.

Misfortunes, and but few are entirely exempt from them, clouded his prospects the other side the Atlantic. § He resolved to embark for the United States; accordingly took shipping, and arrived in the U. S. in 1789. After travelling, with a numerous family, through several of the states, in search of a suitable situation, he eventually seated himself in Philadelphia. There he resided until

† The generality of these distillers possess but one still, that very seldom contains more than five gallons, and frequently not more than one.

|| A tin tea-kettle was often accepted as a substitute for the still.

§ A circumstance, arising from the goodness of his heart, made his conduct amenable to the laws, and finding that the property, which by industry he had honestly acquired, might chiefly be wrested from him, he determined to try his fortune in this favored land.

the thread of life was spun.—There he left many who, though they wear not the badge of mourning, sincerely deplore his loss. He was the friend of the poor and distressed in all cases. His goodness has led him to plead, in the most suppliant manner to the stern head of power, for amelioration of penalties incurred and forgiveness of those unfortunates who had transgressed the laws. The frowns of official dignity have been dissipated by his heart-felt disinterestedness. He spoke from feeling!—They yielded. The best law-giver, perhaps, that ever ruled the state of Pennsylvania, has yielded to his solicitations. His purse-strings, where real necessity required, were as loose, and equally to be commanded with his words. His friendship knew no abatement.—The hacknied term "friend" was not used without the substance. I knew a person whom he honored with the appellation when both were in equal circumstances. The person to whom I allude was a Doctor; who left Ireland and went to the West-Indies. Several years separated them. They met in Philadelphia in '93: and, though the Dr. was reduced and dissipated, the friendship of Mr. Whitely remaine undiminished. Yet why need I mention a single instance of his virtue in this particular!—His virtues were rare! Those who were worthy of his friendship or good offices received them to the fullest extent. It would take a volume to recount them.

But I will, for a moment, diversify the picture. He like all men was mortal. He had his faults. He was too easily persuaded by those whom he placed confidence in. He was rather hasty in temper; but forgiving. He bore no malice to mankind. He injured nobody. His virtues and his faults were his own, and directed, quick as lightning, elicited by the inward workings of an unguarded heart. He was too apt to esteem men according to their professions. He knew not double-faced dissimulation—His heart knew no guile, and he was apparently unconscious that it presided in others. If misfortunes of any kind approached him he was perfectly resigned, and with christian fortitude, to use his own expression, calmly would say, "God's will be done."

To sum up all, and close the scene, he was a man, not of the higher, nor of the lower, but of the middle class, the best in community. He was an affectionate husband, a tender parent, and constant friend. His remembrance will be cherished by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. E.

No species of writing seems more worthy of cultivation than biography, since none can be more useful, none can more certainly enchain the heart by irresistible interest, or more widely diffuse instruction to every diversity of condition.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ADVANTAGES OF GOOD-NATURE.

Good-nature is a quality to which all that adorns or elevates mankind must owe its power of pleasing. Without good-nature, learning and bravery can, to feeble minds, only be formidable; and without it, virtue, though it may indeed awe by its dignity, will scarcely gain a friend, or attract an imitator.

Good-nature may be defined to be a habit of being pleased, a constant and uniform softness of manner, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition. It is the state between gaiety and unconcern, the act and emanation of a mind regarding only the gratification of others. Many imagine that, whenever they aspire to please, they must be merry, and lose all reserve in overflowing jollity, but though such persons may, for a time, be heard with applause and admiration, they seldom delight us long. Boisterous mirth is generally accompanied with satirical wit, which hardly ever fails of giving some one pain; whereas good-nature boasts of no faculties which all present do not believe to be in their own power; and it charms principally by not offending.

Nothing can more clearly prove the value of this quality, than that it recommends those who are destitute of all other excellencies, by procuring regard to the trifling friendship to the worthless, and affection to the dull. Good-nature is indeed, generally degraded in the characters in which it is found; for, being considered as a cheap, and vulgar quality, we find it often neglected by persons of rank and fortune; who, perhaps, imagine that they have some right to gratify themselves at the expence of others, and are to demand compliance, rather than to practice it—What can be more unreasonable than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of the power? or what can shew greater tyranny of disposition than to choose any sort of influence, before that of kindness? He that regards the welfare of others, should endeavor to make his virtues approachable, that they may be loved and copied; and he that considers his own happiness, and the wants which every one feels, or will feel, of external assistance will rather be surrounded by friends, that love, than by those who admire his excellencies or solicit his favours. Admiration ceases with novelty, and interest gains its end, and retires.

In short, a person whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attractions, is like a naked mountain containing mines of gold, which will be only frequented till the treasure is exhausted.

DREADFUL CASUALTY.

One night last week, an unfortunate man, who was before deeply *intoxicated with liquor*, gained admittance into a public house, near Cork, and having drank an additional half pint of whiskey, sat down by the kitchen fire, from whence it was found impossible to remove him. The owner of the house humanely suffered him to remain there during the night; but on coming down early the next morning to look after his strange guest, he found that the wretched man, during his state of insensibility, had actually burned his leg off, nor did he *awake* until the fire approached the pan of his knee!—The reader will be glad to hear that the leg was—a *wooden one*!

London paper.

The present weight of a lady's fashionable dress is exactly *seven ounces*! *ib.*

One of the Bow-street *traps* inquired if persons were to be taken into custody for *laughing*—most certainly, replied the manager, should the performance happen to be a *tragedy*. *ib.*

Until Mendoza entered into the late literary contest, many people thought that he could not write, though it was well known that he *knew how to make his mark*. *ib.*

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 20, 1810

The City Inspector reports the death of 42 persons (of whom 14 were men, 16 women, 9 boys and 3 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of cancer 1, casualty 1, cholick 2, cold 2, consumption 14, convulsions 4, debility 3, decay 2, dropsy 2, putrid fever 1, hives 2, inflammation of the brain 1, palsy 2, pleurisy 1, stillborn 1, vomiting blood 1, and 2 of whooping cough. Three were or under the age of 1 year 5, between 1 and 2, 3 between 2 and 5, 1 between 5 and 10, 2 between 10 and 20, 5 between 20 and 30, 5 between 30 and 40, 6 between 40 and 50, 6 between 50 and 60, 4 between 60 and 70, and 2 between 70 and 80.

The case of casualty was a child aged three years, to whom a large dose of laudnum was administered through mistake.

The spotted fever prevails in the neighbourhood of Goshen and Wallkill, it appears, to an alarming degree; and a meeting of physicians is to be held at Goshen on the 24th inst. to consult on the best method of treating this formidable disease, of which several persons have died within a few hours after being attacked.

Captain Gordon, of the United States navy, was on the 10th inst. brought to Stelle's Hotel, Washington City, wounded, it is believed mortally

in a duel with A. C. Hanson, Esq. one of the Editors of the Federal Republican, Baltimore. We understand the meeting took place in consequence of Captain Gordon having borne a challenge from a Mr. Wright son of Governor Wright, of Maryland, to Mr. Hanson, which he declined receiving on account of the former conduct of Mr. Wright towards him. The ball entered his right side a little above the hip bone.

A Duel was fought near Carlisle Barracks, (Penn.) on the 27th December last, between Cornet Haxton, of the Light Dragoons, and Ensign Shaw, both of the 6th regiment. We understand the former was mortally wounded at the second fire.

Enlightened times.—One Samuel Smith of North-Carolina, has advertised a run-away negro, and adds, as "the fellow is legally outlawed, I will give one hundred dollars to any person who will kill him!"

The Common Council have passed a law prohibiting Masqued Balls or Masquerades, within the city and suburbs.

The Legislature of the State of Maryland have passed an act granting permission to certain inhabitants of Baltimore, to erect a MONUMENT to WASHINGTON on one of the public squares of that city. The managers for the same are authorised to raise 100,000 dollars by lottery.

MARRIED,

On Sunday last, by the Rev. Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Patrick Sheehy, merchant of this city, to Miss Susanna Finley, daughter of Thomas M. Finley, Esqr. of Newark.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Cornelius Schroder, of Germany, to Mrs. Maria Paul, relict of Capt. John Paul, of Portsmouth, N. H.

On Monday evening by the Rev. Dr. Richard Moore, Mr. Charles Connor, to Miss Mary Poillon, daughter of Mr. John Poillon, of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Clowes, Jamaica, James Armstrong, Esq. of the parish of St. Mary's, Island of Jamaica, to Mrs. Sarah Bond, of the same place.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, John A. King, Esq. son of the Hon. R. King, to Miss Mary Ray, daughter of Cornelius Ray, Esq.

On Saturday last, at Westchester, by the Rev. Mr. Wilkins, Mr. John I. A. Botefuhr, to Miss Hannah Beerman, daughter of Mr. Jacob Beerman.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Wm. M. Halsted, of the firm of Johnson and Halsted, to Miss Sarah Johnson, eldest daughter of Mr. John Johnson, merchant, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Willison, Mr. Wesson, to Miss Lizabeth Paffah, all of this place.

On the 5th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Phoebeus Mr. Moses Fargo, to the amiable Miss Mary Caul, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. Edward H. Nicoll, of the House of Smith & Nicoll, to Miss Mary Townsend, daughter of Solomon Townsend, Esq. all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Richard N. Harrison, merchant, to Miss Phoebe Champlin, eldest daughter of John T. Champlin, Esq.

DIED,

On Saturday last, Catherine Keese wife of Mr. John D. Keese.

At Salisbury, Mr. Ruleff Dutcher, Aet. 58. While at supper he was taken in a fit and died instantly.

At Chatteguay (N. Y.) Miss Hannah Foote, a domestic. Having dismissed a young man who had paid her his addresses and afterwards written him a letter of recall which he would not answer, she swallowed a quantity of hot-ash and died by this act of suicide.

Lately, in Arabia, Mr. Roge, the person, who by order of Bonaparte, administered poison to 500 French sick and wounded soldiers in Syria. On his death bed he was asked by one Batho what justification he could make to the Angel Gabriel for that inhuman act—To which he coolly replied—"He would tell the Angel that he [Batho] would not have dared to have asked him the question had he been in good health."

At Chester, Mrs. Withy, aged 76, a lady well known for having kept the gentlest Inn in the U. States.



For the Lady's Miscellany.

FROM E. R.'s COLLECTION.

THE SLAVE.

BY J. CHURCHILL.

When against the hot beams of the sun's
parching heat,
When, with languor, I struggle against
my hard fate,
Ah think of the stripes which so often
you gave,
And ask your own heart, are they due
to a slave?

But soft I hear a whisp'ring voice
Bid me in mis'ry to rejoice;
Triumph o'er pain, disdain all fear,
For see a day of rest is near.

When from Yanko, from children, they
tore me away,
When deprived of all peace, in the dun-
geon I lay;
If thy soul e'er felt sympathy, pity I
crave;
That which christians enjoy, now im-
part to your slave.

But soft I hear, &c &c.

For my limbs shrunk with pain and tho'
diff'rent my hue,
Still my feelings are poignant, as tender
as you;

To thy soul I appeal, who that liberty
gave
That brother should make of a brother
a slave.

But soft I hear, &c. &c.

The laws of great Allah forbid ye to
kill,
But the blood of poor negroes, yon fre-
quently spill;
Ah! when you have scourged my sore
flesh to the grave,
Yon may feel some remorse that you
murdered your slave.

Still still I hear the fust'ring voice
With soothing strains my soul re-
joice;

Bid me be calm, dispel my fear,
For see thy day of rest is near.

THE SQUEAKING GHOST,

A TALE,

*Imitated from the German, according
to the true and genuine principles of the
horrific.*

The wind whistled loud! farmer Dob-
bin's wheat stack,
Fell down! the rain beat 'gainst the
door?

As he sat by the fire, he heard the roof
crack!

The cat 'gan to mew and to put up her
back!

And the candle burnt—just as before!

The farmer exclaimed with a piteous
sigh,

'To get rid of this curs'd noise and
rout,

'Wife, gi'e us some ale.' His dame
straight did cry,

Hem'd and coughed three times three,
then made this reply—

'I can't mun! Why? Cause she'
cask's out.

By the side of the fire sat Roger Gee-ho,
 Who had finished his daily vocation,
 With Cicely, whose eyes were as black
 as a sloe—
 A damsel indeed who had never said
 No!
 And because—*she ne'er had an occa-*
sion!

All these were alarmed by loud piercing
 cries,
 And were thrown in a terrible state;
 Till opening the door with wide staring
 eyes,
 They found to their joy, no less than
 surprize,
 'Twas the old sow fast stuck in a gate!

FROM THE LONG-ISLAND STAR.

THE LOVERS OF RUM.

I've mus'd on the mis'ries of life,
 To find from what quarter they come,
 Whence most of confusion and strife,
 Alas! from the Lover of Rum.

I met with a fair one distress'd,
 I ask'd whence her sorrows could
 come;

She reply'd—'I am sorely oppress'd,
 'My husband's a Lover of Rum.'

I found a poor child in the street,
 Whose limbs by the cold were all
 numb,
 No stockings or shoes on his feet,
 His father's a Lover of Rum.

I went to collect a small debt,
 The master was absent from home;
 The sequel I need not relate,
 The man was a Lover of Rum.

I met with a pauper in rags,
 Who ask'd for a trifling sum:
 I'll tell you the cause why he begs,
 He once was a Lover of Rum.

I've seen men from health, wealth & ease,
 Untimely, descend to the tomb,

I need not describe their disease,
 Because they were Lovers of Rum.
 Ask prisons and gallowses all,
 Whence most of their customers
 come,
 From whence they have most of their
 calls,
 They'll tell you 'the Lovers of Rum.'

A HATER OF RUM.

IRISH BINDING.

TEAGUE, a true honest soul as e'er trod
 Irish ground,
 Once was sent by his master some books
 to get bound,
 Bibles, essays, and poems, and works of
 virtu,
 To be deck'd with gilt letters, in scarlet
 and blue.
 When the artisan ey'd them, in terms of
 his trade,
 'Some of these must be done in *Morocco*,' he said;
 'The bibles in *Turkey*; and as for the
 rest,
 'I think *Basil* and *Russia* will suit them
 the best.'
 'Fait,' says Teague, 'hold your bodder
 and outlandish stuff,
 'Sure, and wo'nt *IRISH BINDING* look
 just well enough?
 'Why these outlandish elves would ye
 be after troubling?
 'Master told me to get 'em all bound
 here in Dublin.'

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